...REST ...

OF

Five UNSOBER MEN:

OR AN

An Epistolary EXPOSTULATION

with the three Renowned Common-Council-men, and two Engraven Church-wardens of the Ward of *Portsoken*, in the Parish of *Buttolphs Aldgate London*.

Discovering the ridiculositie of their Writing, Falshood and Vanity of what they pretend to have written in the foolish Non-sense of the Book groundlesly called,

Mr. CROFTON *answered.*

By ALETHES NOCTROFF *their Friend and Neighbor.*

Levit. 19. 17. *Thou shalt in any wise reprove thy Brother, and not suffer sin upon him.*

London, Printed for *James Nuthal*, and are to be sold at his shop in the Minories next door to the Dolphin, and at Book-sellers Shops, 1657.

Courteous Reader.

IF thou haſt in thee any ingenuity, thou canſt not but wonder that books of this nature ſhould flee abroad, and thereon much lament the libertie of the Preſs. If ſo thou doſt; art not without fellows, for I do it my ſelf; and would deſire thee with me to lament the ſad condition of a good man afflicted with the ſtriſe of tongues, and left without other remedy: All England have heard of the furious proſecutions, and fooliſh clamours managed by John Wildgoſs, and his four companions, and other confederates, under the conduct of Thomas Harriſon. Againſt him they deviſed a falſe (though fooliſh) clamor, prejudiced the preſent powers, proceeded by an extrajudical reference (the cloud of innocency) his right they have invaded, and by John Simpſons liberty brought him, his people, and Gods truth and Ordi-

pances into captivity. They have subtilly endeavoured to look him under a contempt of supreme power; His friends they have vilified, and threatned with the highest threats. The honest Constables, who discharged their duty in the defence of his person (from such as plotted, and came to pull him out of the pulpit) they have unjustly vexed. Him they have brought on the Stage under the notion of a scandalous Minister; they have designed, and openly declared they would ruine his Ministry, undoe him and his family: And this horrid persecution is grounded in nothing, his Ministry excepted. Their complaints are, We cannot have the liberty of the Pulpit, he opposed John Simpson. Their underminings having been in some measure counterwrought, and their counsels Infatuated, they having been uncased, they like blinde Buzzards blunder into the light where all Birds may well hoot at them. And as they profoundly square it, they take the Field by the Press. These five are the Forlorn Hope, but the Governour of Upner Castle must by (his proclaimed volume) bring on the maine Battalia, and reverend John must bring up the Rear. The first are so foolish and feeble that they deserve a Check, no Answer, and that I think good to give them, further letting them know, That I stand ready & resolved

resolved to attend their motion, and entertain the thundering Governour, who may feel the Gunner that fears his tyranny on Shipboard, *yet soundly cudgel his insolency* when found on Shore: *Reader, the world is now made judge; these men in all their professions (wherein thou must fancy them Saints) shut out God; and really, it is the only sign of grace is left them. And things being thus, some one must needs play the fool, and a little foot it with: therefore pardon his expence of pen, ink and paper; nay (and which most sticks with him) his and thy precious time, who leaves thee to thy liberty of judging; and though men play with, and quibble on his name, he is resolved to be downright,*

ALETHES NOCTROFF.

Unto *John Wildoſſe*, *Will. Jellie*, and *John Pits*, three renowned Common-Councilmen, and *Will. Carpenter*, and *Roger Walden*, Engraven Church-wardens in the Ward of *Portſoken* and Pariſh of *Butolphs-Aldgate London*, Greeting.

Friends and neighbors know ye,

THere is lately come abroad a printed book bearing your names, entitled M. *Croſton anſwered*; I confeſſe the very ſight did amaze me, but the matter in it much more; the firſt becauſe of the *purity*, the ſecond, the *falſitie and vanity* of it, if without offence I may be bold with perſonages of ſuch eminencie.

And firſt, are you become pleaders in print, and publiſhers of your books? you can ſcarcely write your names, I am ſure not true Engliſh; will not all the world know what ever is done, is by proxie? and you move by an implicite faith, and like blind fooles play other mens games? how many words are in this book which your very education muſt witneſs you underſtand not? have you forgotten how at the Pie-Taverne ſome of you ſmote on your thigh at the mention of *venerable Carpenters*, and ſaid I would give any money to know what this word *venerable* meant? yet now, *extricate*, *culpable*, *celſitude*, *Cynick*, *Anagrams*, and the like, are common with you; you have well read your late-bought Engliſh Dictionaries:

were your cause never so good, silence were your shelter; and especially a suspension of wayes beyond your reach: what if M. *Crofton* (who in a short time can write a whole book in a good stile) on reasons to himself known, do defame you in print, do you well to turn your Axes into Pens, and brewing, or tallow-fats into ink-bottles? will he not with ease give you cause to exhaust them? and will you not make your selves ridiculous, to have cried the *Carpenters books, Brewers books, Chandlers lights, come buy, buy the printed books of such as subscribe other mens draughts, and could never yet write true English*: could any thing but pride and height of Spirit put you on so visible a pragmatick business so much beyond your sphere; were you not better to give your Clerk instructions, and let him tell the world you are weak silly men, he must plead for you: from this your act I see cause to lament mens simplicity, and the Presses libertie, but it is done and cannot be helped, and now you have written, what is the matter? but such as by its vanity and falsity makes your book more ridiculous.

1. Your falshood and vanity is visible in very many things, as, *in the title of your book* you tearm it, *An Answer to M. Crofton*, and his book called, *Malice against Ministry* and my book called *Perjury the proof of forgery*, a large volume to answer both those books, and yet I pray where is your answer? what have you disproved? what argument have you urged? Is a book answered by a denial of your own guilt? I have heard of a gifted brother who in his Pulpit pretended to confute *Bellarmine*, and having quoted what he fancied out of *Bellarmine*, cried out, *Thou liest* Bellarmine, *now what hast thou to say for thy self*? so you answer *M. Croftons* supposed and my reall book with calling it *a pamphlet fit to be burned by the Common Hangman* and charging it with untruths & the like, let me in sobriety tell you such answers establish books and the certainty of the matter therein asserted.

2. *In your vaunting your selves in the dignity of your places*, affecting to be known by the glorious titles of *Common-Council-men and Church-wardens*, and thereby winning credit to your selves, you certainly know not that persons adde credit to places, not places to persons, is it to you strange that base-

base men should be advanced, and degrade the dignity of their places: poor men, you consider not you were made Common-Council men by chance, and your own confederacy against your betters; and to the visible dammage of your Ward, and this whole City, and by being backed by the confusion of *Englands* late times; moreover you hold at the courtesie of a rude rabble that have some time cried you down, and were it not to confront M. *Crofton* would now do it: and when you wrote your selves *Church-wardens* in the view of the street, some that well knew you, did annex, *of a troop of horse*, when Capt. *Stackers* winnes credit by proclaiming himself Common-Council man, then, and not till then, must you resolve the declarations of your places of dignity, as *Common-Council man eight years, Church-warden, Governor of Upner Castle, Justice of Peace, four times Master of your Company*, and the like, will be cloaks for your knavery, or more charitably, an argument of your honesty; and herein your vanity is the greater in that you boast of the honour, but neglect the duty of the place: Think you not that Mr. *Crofton* can charge some of you with non appearance at the Common Council in a whole year? and that your Church-wardens are *confusion Guardians*, and did at the Mourning Tavern *plot to pull your Minister out of the Pulpit*, as hath been proved in Judgment, not on a Reference; and what though by vertue of these Titles you write your selves, *Parishioners of Aldgate*, think you that M. *Crofton* regards it? If twenty Common Council men combine against him, that is a notion of no obstruction to his Ministry: For I pray you, doth your Parish consist of none but Common-Council men and Church-wardens? Or do these places constitute you their Representatives? so as that what you do without, nay, against their consent, must be their act? You are five against five hundred readie to protest against your actions. Oh vanity, ridiculositie, to flie high with emptie titles: The child is usually proud he is set on Cock-horse, and it is high time to take him down, or send some rout to hold him on.

3. *You trumpet out your own praises, and speak well of your selves*, for which you are beholden to your neighbours.

a ſchool-boy would have taught you a better rule, and *Solomon* (with whom you will pretend better acquaintance) directs you to another; *Let another praiſe you, not your own mouths; a ſtranger, and not your own lips*, Prov. 27. 2. I pray you what doth it amount to, *I* John Wildgos, *and I* Will. Jelly *do declare to the world*, when you are on the negative part of the queſtion: you will ſoon tell Mr. *Crofton* that all negatives are nothing to one affirmative; and is a negative of ſo much weight in your mouths? but you do well to declare it to the world, and appeal to men, for you once mention not God (who knows your falſhood) in your Declarations, and truly you need not, for the world, ſuch of them as live neer you, are able to charge you with, and convince you of *a lying Spirit*: and what elſe is charged on you? But in this your vanity is the greater, that your own Spirits do check your folly, and you ſilence their checks with a meer fancie, *you are provoked to it by* Mr. Crofton: I pray you whereby? he hath on inevitable conſtraint, ſet you out in your colours, obſerving how you went up and down bellowing againſt his good name, bending your wits to deviſe falſhoods againſt him; and make your very ſelves witneſſes: thinking on the crie and credit of *Common-Council-men* and *Church-wardens* to ſubvert his Miniſtery and family. Therefore to invalidate your teſtimony, he (contrary to his own minde) doth characterize your Spirits, wherein he will not eat one ſyllable of what he charged you withall, but if you pleaſe undertake to convict you, and if need be charge you with much more: you might have obſerved that he would rather be ſilent, then by his own lips, reſcue his name from your reproaches; and therefore is atteſted as to his integrity by many hundreds, whom your furious threats cannot terrifie out of their conſcience and affection: and onely you, ſingle, you muſt ſpeak for your ſilly ſelves. You conclude the world is made up of your own companions who muſt deem your profeſſions, *Saints expreſſions*, and ſufficient evidence to wipe off the blots of *drunkards, ſwearers, liars, forſworn*, and the like; which yet you muſt bear to the grave; as if an accuſed malefactor muſt be acquitted by a meer pleading not guilty; a child charged

with

charged with disorder, can cry; *Indeed Sir, I did it not.*

Nay, and farther, your Vanity is more manifested, by the *Impiety of your Apologie*, where you cheat your consciences, and seek to cozen the world. In pag. 9. you cry out, *Blame us not therefore, if in this we are affected with David, with equal resentment and indignation, who slighted the railing of cursings Shimei, because they reached no farther then his person; but very impatient of a profane Goliah, that offered indignities to his God, and affronts unto his Religion.*

Think you that any that know you, and hear you thus profanely plead, will not conclude you hoodwinkt, and see the *Divels black hand before your eyes.*

I pray you tell us; who are the cursing *Shimei's*? and what were the railings you ever slighted? Did ever any call you *Knave*, and you not *Knave* him againe for so doing? As to Mr *Crofton*, have you not like Bulls of *Bashan*, roared up and downe from Tavern to Taverne, and Alehouse to Alehouse, and where-ever you came, reviling termes, as, *Rogue, Rascal, Knave, Base fellow, notorious Liar*, and the like, and yet the good man abode in silence, and made no return. Nay, you rendred him vile to the vulgar, prejudiced against him present Powers, invade his Right, produce against him a false Charge, and persecute his Ministry, Person, Name and Family, spit your spleen at his Friends, and cry up your *Common-Councelship*, to win credence to your testimony of your own devised Charge against him, before he gives an evil word, or once casts blots on your name. He called not *Cadman* Bastard, till you to the poizing of his credit, cried him up a Gentleman borne, and so brought up, that he was fit to be a *Justice of the Peace.* Poor man, he is constrained in his own defence to counterwork you, and let men see your Characters (which your whole Neighbour-hood know to be true) that they may know how to credit you, and yet you think your selves the *David*, and him the *Shimei*; you follow him like foaming Boars hunt him like a Partridg, are to him *Sauls*, and yet will not let him tel God and the world what kind of men you are.

I pray,

I pray you wherein hath he offered indignities to your God, or affronts to your Religion? who is your God? *Simpson* and *Mackernesse*, he hath offered indignity to none dear to you them excepted; nor to them neither, save in a discovery of your combining with, and advancing them to the disturbance of his peace, and peoples order: what is your Religion? to be as *often drinking in the Castle Tavern as Simpson is preaching in Aldgate Church*; as *Walden* swore he would do; and to say if *Powel, Simpson and the whole pack were hanged I care not*, as *Carpenter* said in Mr. *Croftons* hearing at an open funeral; and damn Ministers as Anti-christian Priests, to scorn catechizing, and good books, when *gratis* bestowed on you as did *Jelly*? to invade a mans interest by violence? Contrary to right and reason? to ruine Ministry, Church, Family, to fulfil your lusts? and (as you foolishly cry, *try whose is the Pulpit*) to heap up teachers (to your own itching ears) that Blaspheme God and his Ordinances: If these and the like be the articles of your Creed, and actions of your piety, then indeed he hath affronted your Religion; for hast one expression against God, and Religion hath he offered: you vaunt of your Religion, *you lived under ministry before Mr.* Crofton *came among you; you deny not word and Sacraments, nor initiating Baptism to your children*, &c. all this and more too, did they that *slew the Prophets and persecuted them that were sent unto them*, and are recorded as *men Anti-ministerial*; and yet for almost sixteen years you lived under no ministry nor yet do, for *Ruff-wise, Simpson*, are none but *Jeroboam*-like priests, who laid their hands on their own head, or have been consecrated by the people of their own packing, you live not under word or Sacrament; four of you not so much as in shew, the fifth but in a shadow; if you own childrens Baptism, why set you men to revile it? nay to Blaspheme the very Ordinance it self? why combine you to cast it out of your Church? In a word, if the prince of darkness had not blinded your eyes, you could never have pretended to God and Religion, *as objects of indignity from Mr.* Crofton, who with zeal advanceth them, against the enmity of *irreligious, you and your confederates*: I pray what is the ground of your persecution?

cution? Did he ever take your Ox or Asse? Or offer your persons the least of injury? You have sure forgotten the taunting termes you have given Gods truth and Ordinances in his ministration; the enmity you have expressed against his Authority over us in the Lord; and that the restraining of your lustful libertie of setting up Seducers at pleasure was, nay is the ground of your hatred and enmity: It is now two year you have been in contest, discover other ground of quarrel if you can; You fight against God, and will not be called profane; he stands in his station defending Gods true Religion and his peoples salvation, yet he is your *Goliah*; you *defie the God of Israel*, and call *David dead dog*. Oh horrid and unparrallell'd impiety!

5. *You apologize where you are not charged, and acquit not your selves from your accusation, but passe that in silence, and all your defence is your bare Negation.* Shall I plead with you as to your apologie? Who (though some domestick Relation can do it) ever charged *John Wildgos* to be an ordinary Swearer, drunkard, and one that was alwayes in suits at Law? Where is *Will. Jelly* accused of swearing and arresting his neighbors? Really you are apt scholars. I heard that your Master did lately in Aldgate Pulpit acquit himselfe from the slander of *pawning his cloak in Rosemary Lane, put upon him by a late Book he had never read.* He can say well off book: But the Book never charged him with any such thing; it indeed makes mention of some *pawning a doublet in Rosemary Lane*, but doth accuse no person; and yet like a learned Logician, he argueth from this slander, you must judge all that is in the Book to be false. Oh how easie is an apologie to an imagined accusation. I pray get your master to construe to you father *Cato* his old rule

Conscius ipse sibi de se put at omnia dici.

As to the things charged on you, we must now take it for granted you are guiltie, and sign a Judgment against you on a *Nihil dicit*; and one of you is yet *perfidious John Wildgos, lyable to be called Knave where-ever Mr.* Crofton *meets him*, lying *Wildgos* who told an open known lye against his own conscience to Mr *Simon Turner* and others. Another of you *lying Jelly* even to the Council; and that he did say, That

John

John Simpson was setled Lecturer at *Aldgate* by an Order of the long Parliament; that two others are drunkards and swearers, though not willing to be counted *common*, unless *Council-men*. And they did apply to themselves (as being indeed guilty) the expression in prayer, *There are in the midst of us those who put their bottle to their brothers nose to make him drunk*; and that you do all combine to maintain *Cadman*, &c. and is not here guilt enough to represent you *Honourable* Common Councilmen, and *Credible* Church-wardens? You have wiped fair to remain thus defiled; think you that the bare negations of such men will wipe off any thing? will not all this Rivet the rest. But let us see, how do you plead? M. *Crofton* should shew me wherein I am forsworn. Alas, he cannot, he dare not, because the whole parish and City know it not I warrant you. But methinks M. *Nottroff* is somewhat free, and hath done it in his *Perjury, the Proof of Forgery*, pag. 21. "*John Wildgoss* did swear, That M. *Crofton* was at the Quest "as well as ever he was in his life, and eat as hearty a meals "meat at the Quest dinner as ever he did eat in his life. Now *John Wildgoss* you see another oath, then that you pretend you swear, and will stand to: nay, and I told you before, your written oath was corrected, after taken, but had you sworn in judgment, M. *Crofton* would never have said at the Stirrup, "That he could say any man was forsworn, for the "Law could take no hold of it, for the Pillory had ere this proved you *Perjured*; and the rather, because of the paper you ragingly tore on *April* 10 1657. at the Castle Tavern, when your Common-Councilship could not awe your Quest to confirm your false oath.

And *Will. Jellies* apology is much of the same nature; you deny that you offered to forswear your self, and boast of your confidence to be acquitted by the testimony of the Lord *Fleetwood, Pickering and Strickland*. When you get their testimony bring a resolve to *Nottroffs* enquiry in p. 24. of "*Perjury* "*the Proof of Forgery*; Was the order in your pocket? disobedience charged on M. *Crofton*? did M. *Crofton* plead he "never saw it? was M. *Scobell* commanded to hand it to M. "*Crofton* from M. *Jellie*? did he so do? did M. *Crofton* declare

"clare that the Order he saw was signed by Mr *Jessop*, this by
"Mr *Scobell*? For without the resolution of these Queries
an honourable Testimonie will not hinder, but men will yet
say, What was the occasion of all this? if the debate were
not that Mr *Crofton saw the Order*, he denied, Mr *Jelly* affir-
med.

You are innocent of the fore-charged lie, if you can ho-
nestly answer these queries, and shall be acquitted from
offering to forswear your self; till then, your perfidious
brother *Wildgos*, and you will do well and call into your
company Squire *John Pits servant to the Court, and eight yeers
Common-Council man to the City*. And although he knowes
he came drunk to the Vestrie, and there called for his Rec-
koning, and one of you know you said, you had rather have
given Forty pounds then one that did, should have seen him.
And all the Minories will not stick to tell him to his face,
He hath high heels under an heavy head, though they ne-
ver knew Mr *Crofton trip up his heels to tread on his heart*,
nor know the reason or meaning of this Seraphical Ele-
gance, yet he will Saint-like, appeale with you to the
world (not to God) That *I do disowne the scandal
of drunkennesse*, not that I am no drunkard.

And truely you must have due respect to *Roger Walden*,
whose onely name is *dear and precious*, being perfumed
no lesse then his breeches, when searched *on the wager of
a bottle of Wine*, and he will professe he is (as *Carpenter*)
*a frequenter of Publick Places, and sometimes drunk, but no
common drunkard or swearer*: Yet if I may pick a Jury
out of *Hounsditch*, and one Master of a Taverne (he
knowes) be Fore-man; I will be bold to call him, *Com-
mon Drunkard and Swearer, and whole nights for money
Gamester*; one that purposely designed to make an ho-
nest knowne sober man drunk, and boasted of his Im-
piety.

Have you not made a well grounded appeal? Needs
Mr. *Crofton* any better evidence then that of the Neighbor-
hood? Bear henceforward this as your title of Honour,
you are the *five famous Apologists*.

You have reason to be credited, for *Cosening Levet*, who hath not a word to say for himself, or Mr. *Friers* testimony to acquit him. You do well to leave Capt. *Tom* to apologize for himself, I pray mind him, to defend the Assault made when he *cut off his horse ear with his own sword, on his valorous charge, at Mr.* Millingtons *man unarmed at the Mile-end*, who did sufficiently cudgel him. Have you not ground to hope the world will have as *charitable thoughts of your way, as M.* Crostons *yea*? Yet he a Minister by multitudes attested, you private men speaking alone? He never vile, but by you represented so, you known to many in this very appeal, to lie to your own consciences. I will say no more, but go as you are.

But one word with you more before I part with you, and that is to discover the *height of your hypocrisie*, who think to palliate your pride, wrath, malice and impiety, with some few sweet words contradicted by your carriage. You say, *You do appear in the field, not to hurt Mr.* Croston, *but defend your selves.* And again, *We do jointly declare unto the world, our pen doth not run gall* (nor ink I believe) *we are not angry*, (no you need not) *that Mr.* Crofton *mistakes our names.* You professe your selves *quiet in the Land, desire and pray and hope for a unity*; and such like professions you make to beguile the simple. Hath he not cause to say, *your words are sweet as honey*, but under your tongue is the *poyson of Asps.*

Let me plead with you a little; you say, *You are not angry that M.* Crofton *mistakes your names*; Why then do you write? Why do you apologize your provocation so to do? Why do you return such invectives, *venemous scoffing, and unbrideled tongue and pen: Like Samsons Foxes, he carrieth fire-brands continually about with him*; *fiery Engineer, hindring your hoped for peace*, and the like. Are these the expressions of a meek *Moses* or sober Christian? Dare you declare the brests void of anger that dictates such language? Oh hypocrisie! Oh flattering tongues! you intend *not to hurt Mr.* Crofton, yet suggest to the world he is a *Profound Taverne Chapman and Gamester.* If you could make out what you say, why came it not within your Articles? What if Mr *Crofton* did play at Cards at Mr *Ayries*, or Shuffle-board at *Walthamstow*,

thamstow; (things I am sure he doth not frequently use, nor is in them skilled) how many nights, and how much of your estates have you spent at both? And did you never make bargaine in a Tavern that it must be a crime for him to *sell his hat there*? You complaine of Mr *Crofton* for printing suppositions (as you call known guilt ready to be proved grosse sin) of the least miscarriage in you. Are these things more? nay, are they not much lesse? But you go beyond him, for you print known falshoods, and know that you lie to your consciences; when you say, Mr *Crofton sold his hat by the pound in a Tavern*. Hath not he and others told you the falshood of that report? Did not he openly offer you an hundred pound to that man that should prove it? He never sold hat in his life: are you not ashamed to print your own inventions (forcy several times contradicted) as his frollick; and by *John Simpsons* owne Logick, you see what credit must be given to the companions of this lie: who now deviseth deceitfully?

But you pretend to be *peaceable, amicable, quiet men, praying for, and hoping a union, if not hindred by this fiery Engineer.*

Lord, whither will not your wickednesse lead; with whom hath Mr *Crofton* set you at variance? and hindred your union? Name them if you can: Was it not his endeavour to work union between the Ward and East-Smithfield, when (at an open meeting) he endeavoured to affect you with that principle of union, *Parochial Relation*, and offered five pounds that you would meet to expostulate your quarrels, and then submit to rules for future accommodation? Deny this if you can?

I pray what were the provoking speeches or actions that enkindled your wrath against him? and carried you on clamorously to command him out of the Church, and cry him up to be Collector for the poor, at Easter was a twelvemonth? It is indeed true, he was in the Church at the choice of Church-wardens; Was this any crime or fierie carriage? Did he not to the qualifying of your clamorous spirits, wave his ministerial Right, which he knew to be

your eye-sore, and declare, that whilst he paid twenty pounds *per annum* house rent, he could not be denied the liberty of being present at the choice of Church-wardens. Did he not further appease you, by declaring, that he would not meddle with your choice? nor interpose to your customes if you would be quiet? I pray where was in this business the fi:rie spirit. Moreover, did Mr *Crofton* hinder your union when he had been thus abused? Did you ever endeavor to convince him of an error in that appearance? Did you ever propound unto him the lesst termes of composure? Did not he propound to you to retain one, he would retain another Counsel to discuss the Liberties of Minister and people, and determine it? Did not you scorn it? Did not he at *Thomas* day was a twelve month (at your own Aldermans Table) tender to submit all differences to him alone? and be bound to pursue such Rules as he (on good advice) should prescribe for the peace of the Parish? And did not you proudly reject it? and yet is the fire-brand. Nay further, when you flatteringiy desired of him that *John Simpson* might preach in his Pulpit, did he not reque st desistance of that desire, and declare considerable Reasons why he could not let him preach? Yet you would not be satisfied but did endeavor to terrifie him by the furious Governor, and did not you tumultuously bring *Simpson* to the Church? Did not you thereupon abuse Mr *Crofton* with most gross language? and scatter Libels of reproach in his Church, and when your blasphemous *Tench* had convened at your Taverne Court *Mary Cadman*, and you had there taught her to reverse oaths, and to swear falsely (which you do not, nor indeed can deny) did not Mr *Crofton* by Alderman *Garford*, and Mr *Vanhack* by Alderman *Burdet*, by M. *Duckfield*, and Mr *Izot*, and by himself, tender you termes of peace and accommodation, did not you refuse them? and in all this business what proposal did you make to him? did you not follow him with Club-law, and extrajudicial process? choosing your judges, and then denying them to be judges, openly defaming him, and prejudicing against him present powers, in Court and City, by most false surmises: and yet you never tendered any accommodation one excepted (which you subtilly intended

to his infamy) which was not to appear on the reference: nay further when you wickedly skrewed his Highneſs grant of liberty to *John Simſon* and made it the warrant of invading his right and interrupting Gods Ordinances did not Mr. *Croſton* in a letter (to which diſingenuous he gave no anſwer) tender his liberty, and deſire to make it conſiſtent with his own duty? Did not ſome of the Pariſhioners ſollicite it on the very account of peace? And did not Mr *Croſton* offer to confine himſelf to end at three of the Clock that he might have liberty? And did not you withſtand it? doth not all this witneſſe you men ſeeking union, and *Mr Croſton* to be the maintainer of diviſion: Now having ſet *Rome* on fire charged on the Chriſtians, and ſo you have ſcorned and diſowned Mr. *Croſtons* Miniſtery; kicked out his books, abuſed his perſon, reviled him among the vulgar, invaded his intereſt, diſtracted the peace and order of his people, perſecuted him to the utmoſt, and ſcorned alwayes of right underſtanding and accommodation yet he is the fiery Engineer and incendiary and you the men of peace that pray for what you fly from: deny theſe things in any the particulars if you dare or can without lying to your conſciences.

Are you not aſhamed thus to diſſemble with the world, think you not that your vizards muſt not be pluckt off, I alſo appeal to the world whether you are not given almoſt to a reprobate ſence to ſin without ſhame or remorſe, repent, repent, for though you may cozen ſome in the world with your colors, yet know you have to deal with a God that will not be mocked, but if he ſuffer you to *perſecute the Prophets and abuſe his Meſſengers will certainly ariſe* as in a condition in which is *no remedy but ruine and deſtruction.*

FINIS.